The Bystander, April 12, 1916.—No. 645. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER

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(With apologies to Messrs. Pears)

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Budget Ginger

QUITE a large pinch of ginger successfully ran the Ministerial blockade last week. On arrival at Whitehall it was put into the Budget, and the reception by the public of this, the Government's first attempt at getting a move on, really ought to convince Downing Street of the desirability of admitting to its operations yet a little more of the hitherto banned commodity. The general result of Mr. McKenna's efforts may be summed up as that you pays your money and they tax your choice. If anybody can now get through a day's petty cash without directly contributing to the revenue in at least half a dozen different ways his tastes and habits must be decidedly peculiar. You can't even say "Can you oblige me with a match?" without carrying on the grand work of winning the war.

JACK IN THE BOX

Tickets and Wages

NATURALLY the ginger proved a trifle too hot for some palates. These belonged to the mouths of those M.P.'s whose sole idea of taxation is the super-tax, and they found their latest grievance for the working-man in the tax on railway tickets. Perhaps they are right, though. It is bad, when you come to think of it, that a man who can afford to spend on his railway ticket just about as much as the man in the trenches earns in a whole day should have to pay a penny towards the war every time he alights for his job on, say, the Clyde. Bad, I mean, that the tax should be on his ticket instead of on his wages.

Political Principles

BUT that long-overdue tax on wages—now that wages are far higher than they have ever been—invades the cherished army of political principles which not even the greatest war in history will induce politicians to scrap. Mechanical contrivances, from Dreadnoughts to destroyers, biplanes to balloons, siege guns to submarines, we scrap the minute they are obsolete. (Germany does it the minute before; but that is another matter.) But political principles go on for ever, getting mouldier and mouldier, more and more in the way, heavier and heavier in their handicap on progress—and clung to the more tenaciously the older they become.

Another Big Push Coming

THERE is only one consolation. It is that, with the war shaking the foundations of everything as furiously as it is, all these derelict political opinions are pretty well bound to come down with a crash and bury the politicians if the politicians don't scrap them and come out from under them. It is only a question of the war lasting long enough; and I should say the present odds are about six to four on the war lasting long enough for anything.

"The Duration of the War"

AS to that, indeed—I mean as to that classic phrase, "the duration of the war"—unless we propose to accept the war as a permanent institution, the sooner we make up our minds to give up everything to it, whether on railway tickets or out of reserved occupations, without grumbling, the sooner we shall begin to see signs of a limit to it. At present there are still too many people who are saying they would give anything to win the war, but whose attitude when asked for something on account is like that of the Alpine tourist. As he went toiling and perspiring upwards he declared loudly at every second step that he would give the whole world for a small lager. At the next *chalet* they reached he was charged a franc for one, and threatened to prosecute the proprietor for extortion.

Salaries as Usual

PARLIAMENT itself supplies a classic example of this kind of attitude. M.P.'s in general, and Ministers in particular, are first and loudest in victory-at-all-costs-and-at-any-sacrifice shouting. But when it is not "all costs," but merely a self-voted salary that Ministers are asked to throw into the scale, they grow positively furious. The debate on the question in the House last week developed enough heat to carry several miles of trenches, and certainly enough to weld

(Continued on page 54)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 53)

the Coalition together for all time. The Party Truce was paraded in all its glorious solemnity; but what on earth it had to do with a purely domestic matter between members themselves no one volunteered to explain. Outside the Commons, "Business as Usual," which might preserve incomes as usual, is a crime. Inside the Commons, "Salaries as Usual" is a fixture.

⁂ ⁂

Who Is He?

WHO is the anonymous gentleman who has recently placarded the Town with appeals to the public not to employ more servants than are necessary, not to buy new clothes, and not to indulge in Joy-rides in their cars? The mystery is almost as great as that surrounding the identity of Mrs. Harris. As some one has pointed out the only people who employ more servants than they really need are the Government. And very few of our Cabinet Ministers are seen about town in very old clothes, which, by the way, were the glory of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone. During the last few days the "Don't" relating to joy rides has had a poster all to itself—about forty feet long. What does it mean?

⁂ ⁂

Why?

TO begin with, it is a great mistake to tell people what they must not do. A famous Divine once said that he thought the Ten Commandments would have had a much greater success if they had told us what we should do instead of what we should *not* do. It is certain that in the secular world of political economy merely negative precepts have very little weight. If, for instance, there is, or is likely to be, a shortage of petrol, it would be better to state the fact at once. Instead of asking people not to have Joy-rides, ask them to save all the petrol they can. Men, as we know, are but children of a larger growth, and, like the other children, they very much want to know why.

The Kangaroo and the Tortoise

MR. HUGHES (of Australia): "Me, 'not going to Paris,' sonny?!! You bet your life I am!! *We* make up our minds *sometimes*—in Australia!!"

MR. ASQUITH (*soliloquises*): "Very breezy and vigorous, no doubt!!—but one can't go *hopping about* much in Downing Street!! Besides, perhaps I've got more to carry than most people!!"

⁂ ⁂

"Zepp." Romances

THE Germans are greatly disappointed in us. It seems that they have it on the authority of their War Office that on the occasion of the last Zeppelin raid over England the Tower Bridge was smashed, the London Docks broken all up, and the West-End streets reduced to a mass of ruins. And yet we do not sue for Peace. But then people who can bring themselves to believe that an airship at a height of a mile and a half over a darkened area can distinguish a row of military barracks from a back street in the slums, can be made to believe anything.

⁂ ⁂

Pelion on Ossa

IT was a touch of genius to claim that four armoured ships in the docks were completely destroyed by a well-aimed Zepp bomb; but the crowning masterpiece was the discovery that in consequence of these air-raids all theatres and music-halls in London are now closed on Sundays. No doubt if the gifted chronicler of these disasters had had more space at his disposal he would have added that on the Sunday on which the air-raid took place the House of Commons did not sit, a clear indication of the state of panic to which the invincible Germans have reduced the haughty legislators of Britain.

Mr. Justice Darling on "The Bystander"

ON Thursday and Friday last, before Mr. Justice Darling, an action for Libel was brought by Capt. Reeves against THE BYSTANDER. The Case was much too long to report in full and we are, therefore, compelled to confine ourselves to an epitome of the judge's own summing up.

This is an important and peculiar action, an action for libel brought to recover damages in respect of a picture, and some comments which were made in a journal dealing with what the Editor is supposed to have thought upon the conduct of an officer of the Territorial Forces. It naturally raises the question of the manner in which this country raises forces for fighting the greatest military nation that ever was. Long ago the system was different; but we have now got a new system, and it leads to this kind of thing. Captain Reeves, having come back from Neuve Chapelle, is told he must act as recruiting officer. So they get up a meeting in Trafalgar Square. They had a platform, and on the platform were four chairs, and they had the uniforms of three distinguished regiments in the British Army, and on another chair was propped up the coat and hat of an ordinary civilian. Then they get a Pastor Boal. He delivers a speech, and you can see by the photograph he is holding up the hat of the kind of man who is on the fourth chair, the man whose uniform is a Newmarket coat and a billycock hat, and by this means he is induced to enter the army. An admirable, dignified, and as we know, embarrassingly efficient system of raising recruits. (Laughter.) There was a most enthusiastic crowd of about 3,000 people present, and nineteen joined the Army. (Laughter.) There happened to be one man in whose veins the blood did not course so freely, and he said: "I don't recommend people to join the Army. The Germans are our brothers." If I had been there, I think I should have said to him—and perhaps it might have got another recruit—"The Germans may be our brothers, but may I remind you, sir, that Abel had a brother?" (Laughter.) And what was done with this person who is called a peace crank was that somebody fetched his hat, the peace crank's hat, and he doesn't seem to have taken particular care of it, or to have brought it as one would have desired one's own hat to be brought. After the meeting, Pastor Boal, having got possession of the hat, sent for Captain Reeves and Lieutenant White. There is no evidence at all to show that they had anything to do with procuring the hat of the peace crank, but Pastor Boal suggested to them that they should be photographed, all of them holding this trophy, all that was left of the peace crank. So there they posed in full uniform, cigarettes and all. (Laughter.) Everything showed that they were on duty. (Laughter.) The photograph is not complained of as a libel at all, so we put that out of the question. The question of libel is the letterpress. Mr. Carter said quite frankly "that was a mistake of mine; I drew the wrong inference. I saw this photograph, but I did not read the thing that was on the back." The words on the back were these: "Conscientious objector at a recruiting meeting in Trafalgar Square yesterday. The man who said 'The Germans are our brothers' was somewhat roughly handled." Supposing he read that, then he sees these people standing with the hat of the conscientious objector in their hands, as you see there in the photograph, all of them holding up the remains of the hat, would you think that they had found it on the ground, and were seeking for anybody who had lost it—(laughter)—or would you possibly come to the conclusion that they had had something to do with the obtaining of it and reducing it to that state? Mr. Carter drew the wrong conclusion. He came to the conclusion that they had been doing something in the way of breaking-up that meeting. They had not, in fact, anything to do with the meeting. They had no more credit for the destruction of the hat than you and I. Captain Reeves was very angry, and so was Lieutenant White, and the one person who doesn't seem to have minded a bit was Pastor Boal. What does Captain Reeves really want?

He wants something that will punish the defendants. They are a very vicious paper. A second-lieutenant in the regular army drew that picture of the private soldier with a bottle of rum, which was the subject of a prosecution before an Alderman at the Mansion House, and when the Alderman saw the soldier with the bottle of rum, he fined THE BYSTANDER £100, Mr. Carter, who accepted it, £50, and he has not finished with them yet, because there is that second-lieutenant who drew this picture as well. He must be punished too, just to encourage recruiting. So they fined him £50. Now it turns out that there was another malefactor of whom the Alderman did not know, but what he would have done to the other one if he had known of him I cannot think. You know the size of Somerset House, and someone who lives there was, as he thought, encouraging recruiting, and put up placards to encourage it. Whoever presides over the Institution at Somerset House had put this up to attract people to join the Army, with the idea, I suppose, "What a large bottle of rum you'll get." (Laughter.) I suppose that was the view of the recruiting officer at Somerset House, but the view of somebody in the Home Office, and of the Alderman at the Mansion House, was, this will not encourage recruiting at all. This is wicked, and a £200 fine was levied on everybody engaged in it. It is very likely that the Alderman did not know of that official at Somerset House, because what he would have fined a person of that position, living in a house of that size, I really cannot imagine. (Laughter.) Plaintiff is asking for vindictive damages, exemplary damages, and the argument is this: You are not dealing here with a first offence, you are dealing with THE BYSTANDER people—a very bad lot—and you must punish them, not as the Alderman scourged them with whips, you must scourge them with scorpions. (Laughter.) What did Captain Reeves want? He wanted, so far as the photograph goes, that it should be published all over again, calling attention to it, and saying what it really was. Captain Reeves told us in one part of the paper there was to be a photograph with an explanation of what happened in Trafalgar Square, and on the other side opposite to it there was to be a public apology. There were to be two pages given up to this matter. Mr. Soames is not an unknown solicitor, he is solicitor among other things, to the *Times*. You may have heard of the *Times*. (Laughter.) Mr. Soames is got down, and what happened immediately afterwards is an interview with Mr. Clarke, solicitor to the plaintiff. Mr. Clarke was only going to allow this matter to be settled by, in addition to the apology, his client receiving £1,000 for the publication of that photograph which he had taken and those comments which THE BYSTANDER made. That would have been exemplary damages, wouldn't it? The defendants published a libel and they published a retractation, explanation, and apology as they say, and they say they were ready to publish something as the negotiations were broken off, and that the demand was met by what I have just read to you. Your verdict must be for plaintiff, because the defendants published a libel about him, but it is for you to say what, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, is the amount of the damage to which plaintiff is entitled

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY: We find a verdict for the plaintiff for £350

MR. RAWLINSON: This judgment is a protection. If ever they do issue one again, it will be a fresh libel, but it will not be in the least likely to occur.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING: The next portrait of him should be something exceedingly satisfactory.

THE Jury awarded the plaintiff £350 damages. We leave it at that, except to say that we wish it were possible for his lordship to give us every week so much excellent reading matter—at a somewhat less expensive rate, of course.

Where Does the Navy Come In?

THE PARIS CONFERENCE AND SEA POWER

By GERARD FIENNES

THE Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers who control the war plans of the Allies met in Paris a fortnight ago. There were present Prime Ministers, Foreign Secretaries, soldiers, Ambassadors—and one sailor. He was the French Minister of Marine, Admiral Lacaze. The British Navy, the pivot of the whole sea-campaign of the Allies, was not represented either by its civilian First Lord or by the First Sea Lord. The nearest approach to a British seaman present was Major Hankey, Secretary of the Imperial Defence Committee, and he was not a member of the Conference, and had no part in its deliberations.

THE Conference was the first at which representatives of all the Allies had been present—Russia, Italy, Japan, Serbia and Montenegro, as well as France, Britain, and Belgium. We are given to understand that they agreed upon a war-plan, which is to be energetically pursued, and upon which the hopes of victory rest. Their deliberations, therefore, must necessarily have included the security of these islands against invasion and the maintenance of the strictest possible blockade of Germany; the best and most profitable use to be made of the great forces concentrated in the East, in conjunction with the armies of Russia; the questions of the Adriatic and the Baltic; the safety of the vital communications threatened by the German submarine war. We know they discussed the question of freights, which is bound up with the most economical use possible of tonnage for transport and supplies. All these are naval questions as much as military, and a true solution of them can hardly be hoped for without the aid and counsel of the seamen.

STRANGEST of all, it hardly seemed to appear odd to the nation which boasts itself that it is before all things a sea Power, that its sailors had no voice at this momentous Council. I can count five in all who expressed either astonishment or regret. Others, when the matter was pointed out to them, allowed that it "seemed rather odd"; but that was the length to which their tepid interest ran.

PROBABLY it has occurred only to the minority that command of the sea may mean something more than saving them from broken heads and keeping their stomachs full. Our brains are so stuffed with khaki that the Navy gets little more than a passing thought, save when the "U" boats are exceptionally troublesome or a *Moewe* gets loose upon the trades routes, when there are always some found to cry, "What is the Navy doing?" Of sea power as a great weapon of offence, giving us unequalled opportunities of acting swiftly and by surprise, most people seem to have not the ghost of a conception. If they think of an offensive at all, it is of a bull-headed rush into the Bight of Heligoland, with, I suppose, a fleet action in the Kiel Canal.

WHEN people want to soft-sawder the Sea Service, they talk of "the great silent Navy." The Navy is, indeed, silent. It hates brag and advertisement as it hates talking at breakfast. But it is one thing to be silent by choice, and it is another thing to be gagged. The Navy has views of its own on the grand strategy of the campaign, and they are as well worth attention as those of the soldiers. They belong to us and to us alone, for no other nation has the traditions of sea power, and they are of peculiar importance in a struggle which has spread from the Continent of Europe over half the globe.

BUT the Navy is gagged, effectually, if not intentionally. It has no spokesman of its own in the Cabinet or on the War Council, to which one or other of its eminent chiefs are only admitted from time to time in an advisory capacity. A soldier sits in the Cabinet, very much to the advantage of the Army. Consequently, we have become a Continental Power, with a Navy as a useful adjunct, a sort of maid-of-all-work of the Army. We have cheerfully broken with precedent in the appointment of Lord Kitchener, but our rulers, apparently, can see no advantage in reverting to the precedent of other days which are not the least glorious in our history, when Hawke and Anson, Howe, St. Vincent, and Barham ruled the Navy as First Lords of the Admiralty, and shaped the strategy on which our greater campaigns were based.

NOT only is there no sailor in the Cabinet, but I believe there is not one on any of the sixty-four committees which the Government has appointed for war purposes, save in an advisory capacity. I will not absolutely vouch for this, for it is difficult to keep track of all these multifarious *ad hoc* contrivances. But so I have been assured. May not this indifference to the voice of the Navy account for the feeling of uneasiness which has undoubtedly taken the place of the unbounded confidence with which we faced the sea affair at the beginning of the war? So well has the work of the Navy been done that confidence should be increased rather than diminished. If the contrary be true, it is traceable to the belief that the sailors are hampered in their work by having to conform to plans in which they have had no voice and by the postponement of their requirements to other and more insistent demands. It may not be so, but that is the suspicion, and it is strengthened by the absence of a direct spokesman of the Navy either in the Government at home or in the counsels of the Allies.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES.

"What with the new Staff tabs and the new seven-yard-round wartime frocks, we aren't making a parade of the way the wolf is gnawing at our vitals"

LONDON, *April* 10, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

I REALLY think spring must be here, or something. Anyway, there seems to be quite an epidemic of flirtativeness going on in London now, especially on the Tubes and 'buses and things, where women have taken men's places, and haven't—bless 'em—all the same *quite* lost the feminine habit of philandering if they *are* official and uniformed and doing a man's job.

⁂ ⁂

OF course, yes, it *is*, perhaps, sometimes a little embarrassing for us others, and when you're in a hurry apt to hold you up a bit and make you peevish. But, after all, what does that matter so long as *someone's* happy? As Mr. Gilbert Cannan, I think it is, says, houses are quite intolerable unless someone's making love in them, and the tragedy of the world is this—that with such a power of love and friendship as is in us there should be so little of either. And if houses, which, after all, are generally homes, how much more Tubes, those harrowingly horrible modern inventions of the devil?

⁂ ⁂

WHICH came in *very* useful, though, last week, you know, when Zeps were about, not to speak of equinoctial gales, and holes in the ground were our only refuge from the terror that flies by night. The staircases that go down into the bowels of the earth were packed with belated travellers, so I'm told, in the poorer parts, and others had horrid times sitting in held-up trains all night, while woeful wives waited weepingly at home, in a perfectly fearful state of uncertainty and terror of the worst.

"When he returns to civilised circles he'll shock his female relations by demanding rum in his tea"

⁂ ⁂

REMINDS me of a sweet story I've just read in Lady Poore's "Recollections"—the Admiral's wife. An out-back parson in the colonies who had lost his wife telegraphed to his Bishop: "My dear wife passed away this morning. Will your Lordship kindly send a substitute before next Sunday?" And I rather like this, too, from the same source. A chorus girl on board a ship bound for Australia was reprimanded by a Puritanical parson for spending so much time manicuring her nails.

⁂ ⁂

"OF what use are those white hands and polished nails, my young friend?" he asked. "Do they feed the hungry and comfort the sorrowful?" "They feed the hungry four times every day on *this* voyage," said the revue lady, "and several people have told me they are very comforting to hold." And here's one that rather gets back on us, doesn't it? An old Australian lady who'd come into some money was asked by an Englishwoman, "Of course you'll be making a trip to England now?" "England!" she answered. "No,

(*Continued on page 58*)

thank you. Why, that's where all the convicts came from!"

❋ ❋

As you know, odes to me have reached me from time to time from the trenches, but one who says he's afraid that when he returns to civilised circles he'll shock his female relations by demanding rum in his tea, sends me something much more grateful and comforting—an Ode to Rum, in fact, and here it is, or a part of it, as you'll perceive after Omar:

Waking ere yet a 'Plane was in the sky,
I heard the Sergeant-Major's raucous cry
"Awake you —— fools and bring the Cup
Before the Ration Jar of Rum runs dry."

And as I waited, those who stood before
Me in the ranks upon the Duckboard floor
Kept going to each other Lip for Lip,
Each crowding each lest there should be no more.

But see! a Blighty! I am in the train
Before the Sergeant-Major shouts again,
How oft hereafter shouting shall he look
Through this same traverse after me in vain.

And when thou Cherub with the single star
Bringst round with thee each dawn the Nectar rare,
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I stood to—turn down an empty Jar.

❋ ❋

Conversation of the week has been very political and money-ish, what with the Budget and the dreadful recruiting muddle and a new War Loan coming along, and any number of rumours about new Parties and new Ministers, and even new Governments. But we've had such lots of those—rumours, I mean—and nothing ever seems to happen. And I suppose we shall just go muddling along as usual, while the soldier and sailor men and the women who love them pay the heavy price for the things that have been left undone.

"Many francs hang on your answer, we have backed you to be a girl to our last centime"

❋ ❋

Ought to scrap the lot, according to some people, and I think it's Mr. Maxse who wants "a real war Government." Efficiency's to be its only watch-word, and it'll consist of (1) a sea-going Admiral, (2) a live soldier, (3) a man of business, and, *perhaps*, (4) a Parliamentary statesman, and (5) a Labour leader.

❋ ❋

In the Park these spring days, what with the new Staff tabs, green and black and blue and plum and yellow, and the new seven-yard-round war-time frocks and seven-league boots, and the trees all alluringly arranged in their Easter gown of palest green—well, we aren't, any way, making a parade of how the wolf is gnawing at our vitals, though I did hear a rumour that they very nearly ran short of caviare at Ciro's one extra crowded Sunday night.

I don't suppose the extra tax'll make much difference, but only letting motor-cars go so many miles a day so's to save petrol—well, I guess that will tone down the joy-rides, what? And it rather looks, too, as if even the charitable will soon be not quite so charitable—I mean, there's *such* talk about the way they've been robbed. Become positively a war industry, it seems, and an untaxed one at that, to run some sort of charity or other. The generous public is notoriously careless about balance-sheets.

❋ ❋

Bubbly water's bad for the figure, so women, anyway, aren't worrying about the mineral-water tax, but it's a bore putting up sugar, 'cos children must, and servants will, have it, and I hear it's only bad management that's made it necessary. And the match tax, too, will be a nuisance because of us nearly all smoking, which I'm afraid we do, spite of the soldier-man who writes from the Cameroons to say he hopes we don't, as (1) he doesn't believe men want us to, (2) that only one girl in a hundred wants to, and (3) it doesn't look nice.

❋ ❋

Which sounds quite like old times and antis and things, doesn't it? And the sort of thing *only* a man could say, anyway, poor dear. As if *any* woman *ever* did anything she didn't really want to, *or* lay awake at nights, either, wondering what men wanted her to do. That's one reason, perhaps, why she dreads and hates getting old. Selfishness and Youth are permissible partners. Selfishness and Maturity are a hateful pair.

❋ ❋

As to the tax on amusements, theatres, and cinemas, and horse-racing, and football matches, no one seems to be worried much about that, either, the idea being, you see, that if you can afford that sort of thing in war-time—well, then you can afford to pay a tax on it. But the only bit of the Budget that really produced chuckles of approval was the raising of the War Profits' contribution. Sixty per cent. is healthy, though there are some, you know, who think 95 per cent. would be even healthier—on war profits.

❋ ❋

So, you see, we're bearing up, even under War Budgets. It may be Lent, but there's never a night without a dance or two somewhere, though I sometimes wonder where we get the men from, such crowds of them are over in France and places. And, as well as a new musical comedy, there's a new revue this week, and also—wonder of wonders in war-time—actually a Beecham grand opera season. And you know what that means—esoteric society in rows and in wonderful frocks and pearls and head-dresses, and the very last whispers in Russian music, all "presented" by the rich and rare Sir Thomas, whose amusing conducting alone is worth all the money for your stall.

(Continued on page 60)

War Brides of the Near Future

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS MARGARET EMILY BARCLAY

Eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Barclay, of Hertford. She is engaged to Lieut. William Henry Dyke Acland, R.F.C., elder son of Admiral Sir William Dyke Acland, Bart., C.V.O.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

LADY VICTORIA LEGGE-BOURKE

Née Lady Victoria Carrington, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Lincolnshire, and widow of Lieut. Nigel Legge-Bourke, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action in November, 1914. Her marriage with Major the Hon. Edric Weld Forester, Rifle Brigade, youngest son of Lord Forester, will take place shortly

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS HELEN RITCHIE

Younger daughter of the late Mr George Ritchie, of Nenthorn, Kelso, and Mrs. Ritchie, of Bonjedward, Jedburgh. Her engagement is announced to Captain P. M. Mackenzie, 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, Yr. of Tarlogie, son of the Count and Countess de Serra Largo

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 58)

AND you never saw such orchids and carnations (hardly war-time blooms) as there were at the Vincent Square Flower Show the other week, and I've just met someone who sold her pearl necklace last week for £4,000. She wanted some ready money partly to build a pergola in her garden—one *must* have one if you have the other. And, of course, the people who collect are hard at it this week at the Red Cross sale at Christie's, combining duty with pleasure in the most attractive manner. By the way, the very latest Red Cross money-beguiler is a "Tommy's A.B.C.," got up by the Bristol branch—it's a very bright and breezy little picture-book.

TALKING of combining duty with pleasure, with such a lot going on there won't be much time over for all that war-work, nursing and making bandages and munitions and things there used to be so much talk about. But perhaps it's as well. A gunner-man's just told me of a little remark made in the trenches the other day. The heavy batteries had been firing, and some of the shells refused to go off. At last one of his men hit on the solution. "I say chapsies," he said, "I reckon all them shells what never went orf was made by a duchess!"

"There's been quite an epidemic of flirtativeness, especially where women have taken men's places"

DEAR, cheery things, aren't they, and even when they grouse they don't really mean it half so much as we do when we get peevish about not being able to find a taxi after the theatre or something. "Not only are we lonely, Blanchie," writes one, "but we've developed wet feet. We live in a marsh, and shortly expect fins if this weather keeps up. We are becoming Canadian beavers, who dam rivers and streams, only we go one better and dam everything." But they have time for talking over important matters, and want to know the usual thing. "Blanche, dear, what sex are you *really*? To be perfectly frank with you, many francs hang on your answer. For we have backed you to be a girl, to our last centime."

AND another quite nice one draws up a regular schedule for me of his troubles. The main heads may be summarised as follows: (*a*) bullets, (*b*) shells, (*c*) smells, (*d*) his lowly rank. He met the Prince of Wales the other day—"I see he's a captain now. I think his father must have influence"—(*e*) Belgium, most of which he says the B.E.F. has had the job of putting away into sandbags.

BUT he schedules a list of compensations, too, which I'm sure I couldn't if I had to "carry on knee-deep in sludge during the day, and at night make the best of it in a nasty wet hole with companions infinitely more minute than the tiniest of lapdogs." Thus—(*a*) My weekly letter, (*b*) Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away, (*c*) the *Daily Mail's* references to me as a brave troop, (*d*) the prospect of leave and lunch perhaps with—someone, (*e*) the fact that his rank is only temporary.

EVEN leave isn't all it's cracked up to be sometimes, in fact, "merely a polite name for expensive dissipation," one flying-man calls it—"the real leave comes when we get back, unable to fly for a fortnight." And this grouselet comes from the desert. "Discomfort with a capital D spells our existence out here. Yesterday was gorgeous—it blew a gale and the sand came in clouds, smothering eyes, ears, food. It took me quite half an hour to comb my hair out.

"ONE feels like a rabbit (whatever a rabbit feels like), burrowing through tons of sand. Water is very limited, one gallon per day for all purposes, and very nasty at that. Very hot all day, plenty of companions, horrid little sand animals and mosquitoes, who make life a burden and a sort of a race-course of your face and hands." And all this and lots, lots more just for love—of King or Country or "the game," or perhaps just us; anyway it's not for money, is it? War's a waste and a horror and senseless beyond all words, but it does at least give scope for heroism—doesn't it? And that, perhaps, compensates a little.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

The Neutral Umbrella

THE TRIO: "It doesn't seem to be much protection, does it?"

New Types the War Will Give Us

I.—THE NEW PATRIOT

THE Old Patriot—of the anti-war type—was an excellent fellow. He damned the Socialists and drank (very readily) the health of his King. He also drank (very readily) any other toast that might be "submitted." But he was a sound man and believed in "settled Government." He paid his taxes and sang lustily the first verse of the National Anthem. He usually sang it all the more heartily for the reason that he realised that it was the only verse of the National Anthem that he knew. Now—and quite suddenly—a tragic war and tremendous world happenings have flung new obligations on him. And if he does not learn—and I hope he will not—the remaining verses of the National Anthem (even an incomparable loyalty will not reconcile me to doggerel) he, none the less, is convinced that his anti-war patriotism is unequal to the new citizen burdens which he must loyally shoulder.

PATRIOTISM before the war was, for the many, a mere matter of emotion and a conventional acceptance of correct conduct. Patriotism during the war has carried with it supreme sacrifices. Patriotism after the war and for many a year (I for one trust for all time to come) will be garnished with the greatest offerings. To drink to your King was loyal; to sing the National Anthem (however badly) was correct and praiseworthy; to fight for your King was fine; to be maimed was a devotion; to *die*—what more could anyone do?

BUT Death is not all, nor even paramount. Death is supreme only in a sense, for Life is greater than Death every time. The New Patriot must show that in his life he is worth the dying of the brave lads who have fallen. Yes—and he must prove more. He must "carry on" for them, and in such a fine way that the Empire is made worthy of the race to come. Patriotism of the ante-war period was mere lip-service for the many; Patriotism during the war has been a splendid thing of wounds, agony, and death on the part of the fighting men, and of tears, prayers, and a dread above all dreads on those at home.

THE Patriotism of to-morrow must be a living sacrifice of the highest gifts of all—men and women—humbly and reverently placed at the foot of the Altars of State for the healing of the wounds of to-day and the gathering of strength and true greatness and grace in the Empire that is to be. And the framing and welding of that Empire must be wrought in our souls. Don't dream or speak of a Trade Empire while our lads are lying beneath those little crosses. Of course, trade *does* mean much. And always must. And in the future must mean much more than ever in the past. But as long as there is a British mother left alive to weep for a lad who has fallen let us at least try to find a Soul for our Empire and rule it and obey it and make sacrifice for it as never before.

"CAPITAL and Labour." It is an ominous phrase—heavily charged with bitter memories and dread forebodings. Surely both should search their consciences now in this moment of trial and faithfully accept their dictates when the new life after the war begins. Before the war and during the war the whole British Empire was gloriously loyal to the King. Let us realise that the King is Father of the State. Let us secure our King's happiness and well-being by serving the real interests of the State.

NOTHING that was can ever be again, or should be. Both "Capital and Labour" (it is a ridiculous description for "Capital" is the result of "Labour," and "Labour" is the workman's "Capital") have been in dire jeopardy, and have only been saved by the superb devotion of all classes of the community. But between them there are, and there will remain, very real differences about which I refuse to write cant. They have fought one another bitterly, and both have been often right and at the same time both have been often wrong. We have to be sensible enough to remove the causes of conflict. Capital should realise that human life must come before dividends; that the standard of living in every healthy country is progressive, and that big wages are really profitable because they mean good labour from strong, well-*housed* and *satisfied workers*. And Labour must also find reason and be guided by a patriotic common-sense.

ALL capitalists are not blackguards, and strikes are an absurd means of obtaining justice. In a strike the strikers may, or may not, gain an advantage for themselves; but there never was a strike that did not inflict upon countless thousands of non-interested non-combatants misery and suffering and no glimmer of any advancement. In the trenches there has been "class solidarity." Gentle has mixed with simple, officer with man, sharing danger and hardships. The same fine healing and Divine Play must be restaged at home. And the men and women of goodwill who set themselves to their task will be patriots of high blessing to all about them.

I DO not believe in Patriotism unless it be a Patriotism of all the people for all the people. I don't believe in emotional Patriotism, a mere toast and a song. The Patriots I do believe in are the men who have fought for the Empire in the field and the men and women who have worked for the Empire at home. And I plead to these same brave men and gracious women to realise that this war will not end Patriotism, but will give a fresh life to it. Nothing great or good in this world was ever wrought save by sacrifice.

A Very Special Occasion

Photograph *Guido Ferri*

THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT TO ROME

Mr. Asquith photographed on his arrival in Rome with Signor Salandra, the Italian Premier, and Baron Sonnino, the Italian Foreign Minister, who is standing just a little behind the two Premiers. This is the first occasion on which a British Prime Minister has gone to Rome during his term of office, and although the visit was ostensibly paid with the object of emphasising the solidarity of the Quadruple Entente it is quite conceivable that new and important developments in the diplomatic situation were at the bottom of it

Nobbling the Neutrals

A MILD PROTEST AGAINST THE ANSWER IN THE NEGATIVE

THIS is a war of many new and strange weapons; and while we are undoubtedly doing well in our efforts to overtake German preparedness in many directions, we do not seem to have made a serious attempt to compete with the deadly efforts of the German Wireless.

⁂ ⁂

IT is all very well for our authorities to declare, after a fantastic German announcement of great success that the enemy claim is not true; but the dismal fact remains that the German version has reached neutral countries first, and the proverb teaches us that a lie that has got a good start is a difficult thing to overtake. As the poet has so beautifully remarked: "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just, But four times he who gets his—terminological inexactitude—in fust!"

⁂ ⁂

TAKE the case of the Zeppelin visits, for instance. Germany flung the neutral world into a panic of fear by her statement that in a recent raid her Zeppelins smashed the London Docks and Arsenals, broke up the Clyde for ever, and put the British Isles into a state of terror from which they are not expected to recover. And our way of parrying the deadly thrust is to announce in coldly formal terms that the Zeppelins have done no military damage whatever.

⁂ ⁂

I SHOULD like it to be distinctly understood that I am not actually threatening the Government in this matter. It would hurt me, as a tender-hearted man, to feel that I had left Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George sobbing themselves to sleep at nights because of my unkind attitude towards them. I speak as a friend to his friends when I suggest that our attitude in this matter should be less negative and more positive. The falsity of what the Germans say does not matter; it is the truth of what we say that matters, and, speaking in a cold and vulgarly commercial way, I claim that we ought to be able to bang our goods down on the counter before the other man has had time to get the straps off his grip-sack.

⁂ ⁂

GERMANY'S principle throughout this war is that her strength lies in attack. She conducts her campaign of mendacity for the benefit of neutrals on the same lines. And we stand by and look on, and merely say, "Naughty, naughty!" But when Germany can twist the truth with diabolical ingenuity, so that a scared neutral can swallow the mixture without loss of dignity, it seems to me that we ought to realise as a commercial nation that we are confronted with a business deal in which it is up to us to take a hand.

⁂ ⁂

OWING to Germany's activity with this new weapon of warfare, neutral countries have a cruel suspicion that the Germans are in Verdun, and that they have sunk the British Navy in one piece. It is true that we deny the soft impeachment, but, then, we do not live next door to Germany, and so many nervous neutrals do. It has been said that we send our diplomats abroad to lie for their country's good. Now that so many of them are from force of circumstances "resting" (as they say in *the* profession), why should we not employ their notoriously brilliant activities in other spheres of labour at home?

"D—— THAT KID!"

⁂ ⁂

IF the diplomats are not equal to flooding neutral countries with a positive view of the Allies' case there is still—Fleet Street! It is not for me, Heaven knows! to suggest that a journalist is necessarily an abler liar than most men, but everybody admits that a journalist is usually a man with—imagination. That is what is wanted in tackling the German Wireless.

⁂ ⁂

WE do not need merely to deny the truth of the German statements, but to bang our fist on the table loudly enough for every neutral to hear, and to announce in capital letters that we have Germany by the heels at last, and are about to grind her into the dust remorselessly.

⁂ ⁂

I THINK myself a gentle, but firm, attitude of this sort would have at least a fair chance of jerking some of the neutral waverers to the ground on the right side of the fence.

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

Silhouettes from Billet-Land

SCENES FROM BEHIND THE FRONT LINE IN FLANDERS

REFUGEES ON THE ROAD

A PRIMITIVE PUMP

MILKING TIME

WORK AT THE FARM

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE

Going into billets after a turn in the trenches brings one pleasantly into touch with French domestic life. The officers usually occupy rooms in the farmhouse, whilst the soldiers make themselves as comfortable as they can in the huge barns that are part of every French farm. Anything is preferable to the trenches, and even if his sleeping quarters are sometimes shared with cows or goats, Tommy soon makes himself at home

(This is the second instalment of Lieut. Oakley's clever silhouettes which has appeared in "The Bystander." They are all cut out on the spot with scissors and without the aid of any previous drawing)

BY SECOND-LIEUT H. L. OAKLEY

His Initiation

No. 99988 Private Blobs (on sentry-go) feels that he has at last stumbled across the true explanation of that somewhat cryptic expression, "There'll be dirty work at the cross roads to-night"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Somewhere in Flanders"

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES

BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

I think it is Victorien Sardou who sings :

" Ou s' enlace
Puis un jour
Ou s' en lasse
C'est l'amour."

But the poet finds no disciple in Lance-Corporal Noble, of the 3rd Woggleshires.

⁂ ⁂

Corporal Noble is made of sterner clay. Love, sheer love, has inspired him with a wonderful resolution, and the text of this resolution was conveyed to me through the medium of a French sentry who knocked me up at 1 a.m. to bring it to my notice.

⁂ ⁂

It was to the effect that between 23 and 24 o'clock on the night of March 18 he observed an alleged British soldier lurking in the shadows for no apparent reason. He arrested the man, who informed him in the purest Anglo-French that he had been wandering about for hours looking for me to get his birth certificate translated into French.

Eagerly I sprang from my couch and implored Corporal Noble to tell me all.

⁂ ⁂

He at once confirmed the sentry's statement, explaining that he had been given permission to come to —— to get his birth certificate translated into French, as on Tuesday morning he was going to marry the daughter of the old woman who owned his billet.

Here, indeed, we are afforded a striking instance of the all-compelling influence of the Great Life-Force under modern conditions.

⁂ ⁂

Here we have a man who has spent months and months doing police work in a bleak and dreary village surrounded by country innocent of any vestige of beauty or charm.

Shall we see this man on the first day of peace dashing for the coast, trampling underfoot his weaker comrades in the rush to board the boat for Blighty, vowing, as he runs, that he never wants to set his eyes on Flanders again as long as ever he lives? No. Instead, we find this man steadfastly prepared, nay, positively eager, to spend the remainder of his days in the same old spot—not doing police work, it is true—but hoeing up potatoes and combing the hens.

Que no se hace por amor! What not, indeed!

⁂ ⁂

It is really quite extraordinary the people who look for me and don't seem able to find me. Only a few days ago I was stopped by a dreamy

(*Continued on page 68*)

FAIRLY OBVIOUS

VISITING CHAPLAIN : "I trust you've got all you want?"

"SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS" (concluded from page 67)

looking *poilu* with rheumy eyes and a full size in fawn-coloured beards, who asked me to direct him to myself.

It seemed he was a priest, and he carried written orders in illegible handwriting which told him to go at once and be attached to me.

In what capacity, or why, he is to be attached to me he hasn't the foggiest idea. Nor have I. I don't want him. He didn't want to come. *Mais que voulez vous donc; c'est la guerre!*

SUFFERING from acute indigestion at the time of our *rencontre*, coupled with the reflection that this is the Frightful Age in which we live, my first inclinations were to obviate all fuss and bother by having him quietly shot in the early morning, and saying nothing about it.

And then a horrible suspicion began to cross my mind. Perhaps, after all, G.H.Q., having an extra priest on hand and not knowing what to do with him, had had an inspiration to send Monsieur Beaugregaert along to exercise a refining influence over me, or—more likely—my interpreter (a hasty man from the South), who is becoming notorious for his language. I decided to keep him alive for the present. But how to find him a job of work? He has been pleading for something to do.

FORTUNATELY I have a motor-bicycle which suffers from chronic ill-health. The carburetter has had the most distressing pains in the thorax ever since I have known it; nothing seems to ease the suffering.

The magneto, too, has had a nasty knock in the excruciator, which—so I gather from the groans I hear—has set up a form of acute inflammation of the commutator, which will require years of careful nursing to relieve. Whenever anybody yearns for a job of work I look to my motor-bicycle to assuage the craving.

I must say Monsieur Beaugregaert stuck like anything to the job, and did some splendid work. On the third day of toil you simply couldn't tell there had ever been a magneto, and the groans came in quite a different key altogether. It was a distinct improvement.

A WEEK passed, and yesterday morning I received a circular, which read: "Please state if you know whereabouts of Beaugregaert, Joseph Emanuel, Priest — *regt. d'infanterie*, 5ft. 9in., stout build, brown hair, rheumy eyes, protruding front teeth, full fawn-coloured beard, reported missing since March 18."

I wired: "In reply to your circular of the 24th March Beaugregaert, J. E., arrived here March 18 to be attached."

Back came the answer: "Beaugregaert, J. E., has mistaken destination. He should be attached as clerk to —— at ——."

But, after all, one place looks just like another when written in spidery French handwriting.

Yours ever,

JACK JOHNSON

Caught Napping

Scene 1: "If anybody approaches the gasometer you must immediately challenge him"

Scene 2 (some time later): "'Struth! Someone's pinched it!.'

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

In Nineteen-Something

GENERAL SIR IAN JELLOID AT HOME

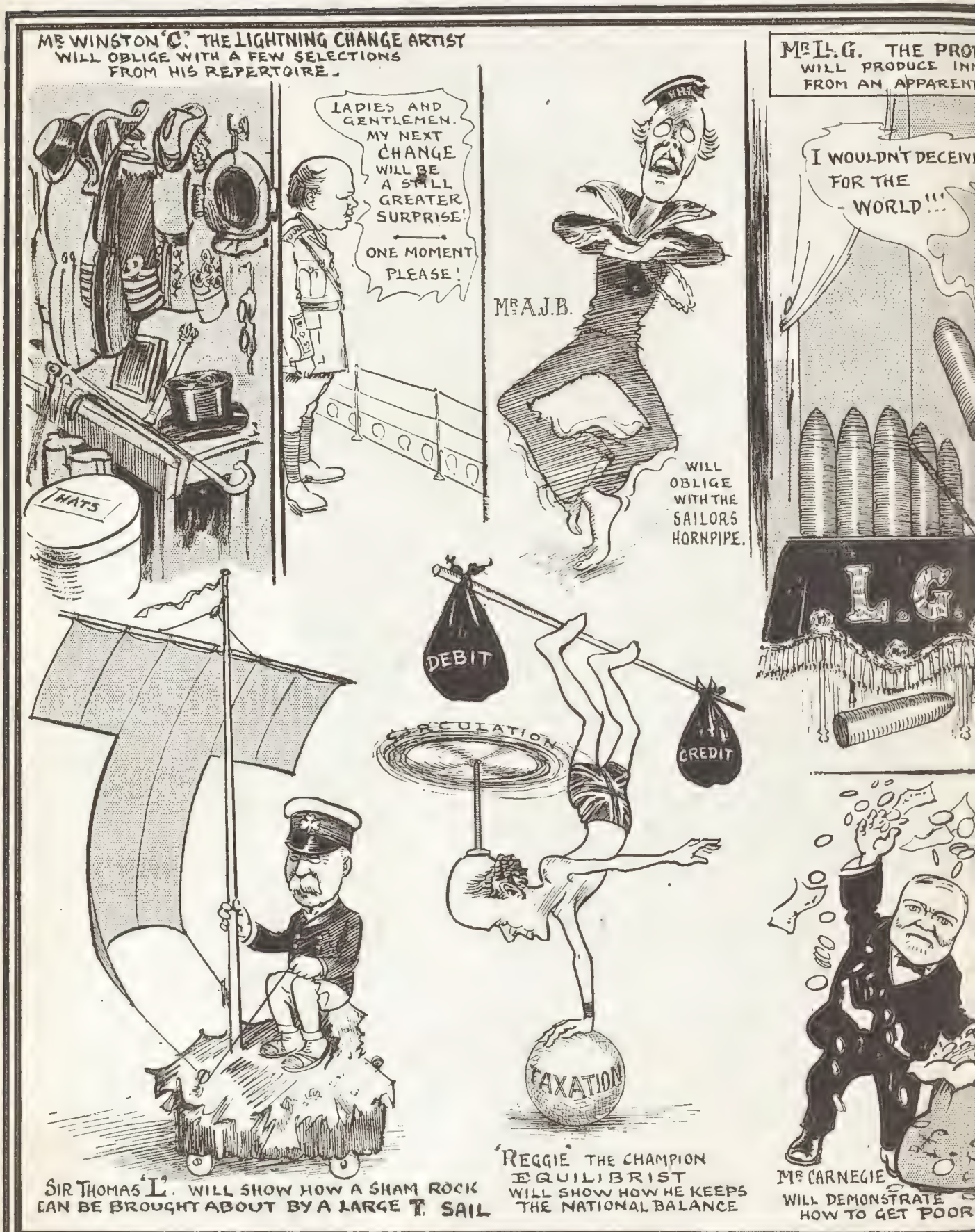
Having picked up this cherished possession for a mere song at a sale near Verdun, the General has now let his country seat, "Shrapnel Park," and says he finds the new abode infinitely cheaper, and not a bit draughty, if you keep the breech closed

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—Ed.]

An All-Star Va

WITH EACH MEMBER IN



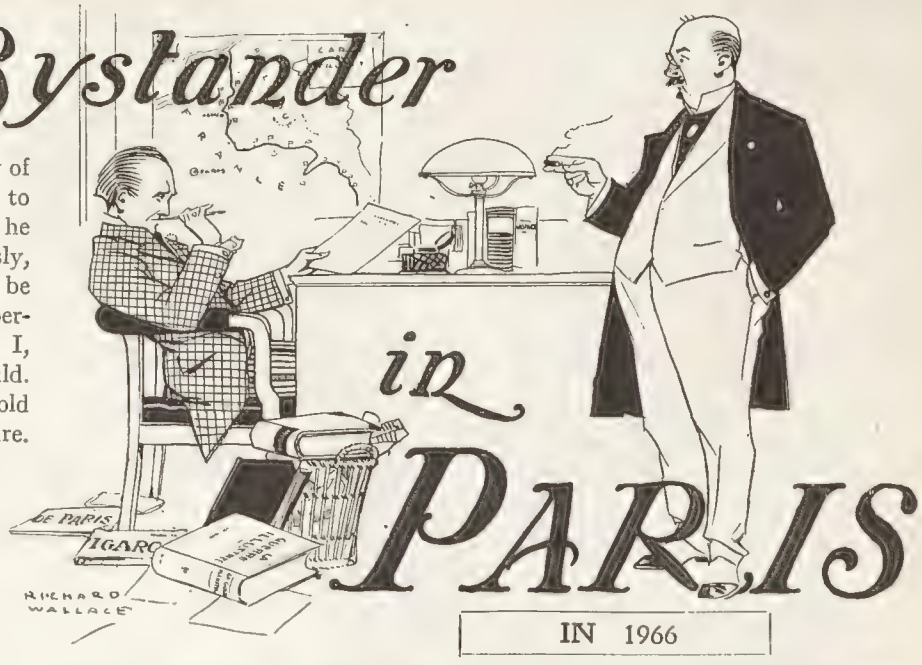
Yesterday (April 11) was the date of the Poets' Tea, organised by Miss Elizabeth Asquith a from their own works formed the pièce de résistance. Following Miss Asquith's brilliant noti on a much more co

riety Company

HIS FAVOURITE RÔLE

nd Mr. Nigel Playfair, in Byron's old house at 139, Piccadilly, at which recitations by poets on, "The Bystander" is contemplating the organisation of a similar kind of entertainment, but nprehensive scale

The Bystander in PARIS



"'When the history of the war comes to be written,' he said, somewhat pompously, 'there will be great changes of perspective'"

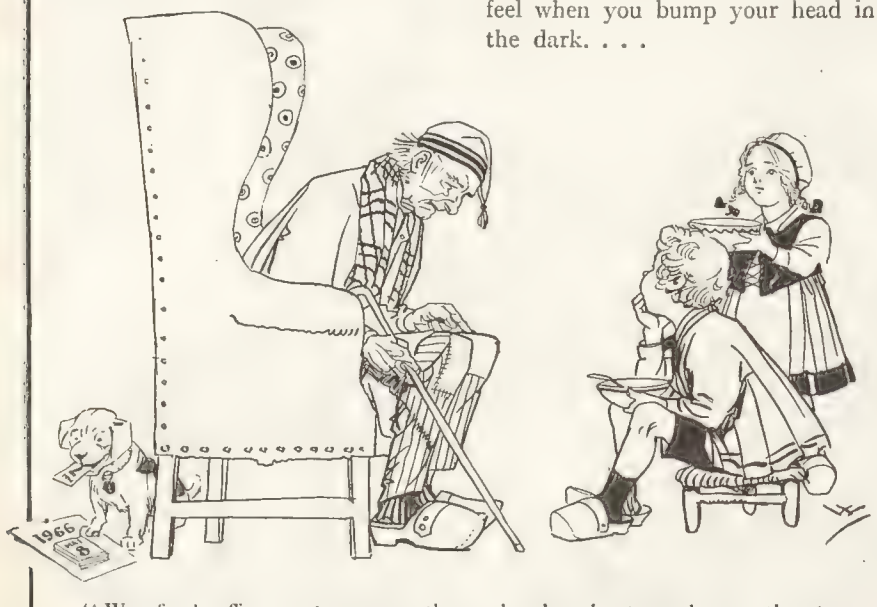
"WHEN the history of the war comes to be written," he said, somewhat pompously, "there will, of course, be great changes of perspective." "Mps," said I, as pompously as I could. "Mps. Indeed." And I told him a true story of the future.

⁂

GRAN'MÈRE had filled the big wooden bowl and the two smaller wooden bowls which stood on the hearth with soup and bread and milk respectively, and a big piece of sugar was perched on the top of each of the two little bowls. Pierrette, who, although she was nearly seven years old, was still young enough to enjoy "helping gran'mère," carried grandpère his supper, gave Pierrot his, and sat herself with her own little bowl on the wooden settle next to grandpère's big chair. Pierrot settled himself on his little stool at the old man's feet, and looked up into his face. "Now, then, grandpère, *I'm* ready," he said. "Yes," said Pierrette, "you promised to tell us all about the war this evening."

⁂

GRANDPÈRE smiled at the two children, patted Pierrot's curly head, tugged Pierrette's little Kenwigs pigtails, and began. "I was twenty-two then," he said, "and your grandmother and I had been married six months. She was twenty. We were out in the fields that Sunday afternoon when the tocsin began ringing. I remember your grandmother saying that it felt like cold water running down her back. We knew what it was, of course. Grandmère began to cry, and I kept thinking of all sorts of things which I must do before I went away. I forgot them all directly afterwards, and thought of them again when I was in the train with my bundle, and it was too late to do them. I was all muddled. It was like you feel when you bump your head in the dark. . . .



"We fired off our guns, we threw bombs about, and saw the great shells overhead—"

"SHE was always a wonderful woman, that grandmother of yours," he went on presently. "She thought of everything. I found three pairs of new socks in my bundle afterwards. She had made them 'in case.' We kissed one another good-bye in the field behind the haystack, I remember. That was her idea, too. She didn't want my mother. . . ." Pierrette clapped her little hands. "See what I told you, Pierrot," she cried. "You said that grandpère and grandmère were much too old to have any fathers and mothers. I told you you were wrong, didn't I?" "So you didn't let your mother cry?" said Pierrot to his grandfather. "Oh, that was grandmère's doings," said the old man. "She thought it all out. We said good-bye behind the haystack, and when I had to go she said things to make me laugh. 'It's harder for her than for me,' she told me. 'I hope to see you come back again, but she is very old.'"

⁂

"AND then you went away and fought?" said Pierrot. "Tell us about that." "There's not much to tell," said Grandpère. "We dug ditches in the ground and hid ourselves in them like rabbits. We fired off our guns, we threw bombs about, we heard and saw great shells shriek overhead, and we saw many a poor fellow blown to bits when they fell—that was what

(*Continued on page 74*)

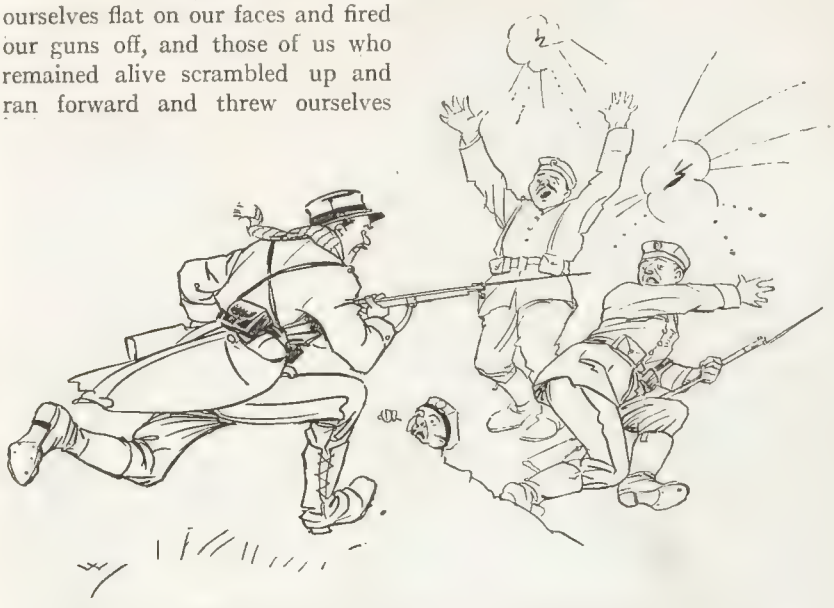
A Captivating Captive—

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

—Recently freed from Internment in Germany

One of the two famous Russian dancers from the Opera Houses of Petrograd and Moscow, known as "Les Stepanoffs." Happening to be in Germany when the war broke out they were interned and have only recently been released. They are now in London

war was like. Then we climbed out of our holes and yelled, and ran forward a few yards and threw ourselves flat on our faces and fired our guns off, and those of us who remained alive scrambled up and ran forward and threw ourselves flat, and fired again. Then we tumbled on to the Germans in their holes, and plugged them with our bayonets, and they plugged us." "Rather nasty," said Pierrette. "Very nasty, dear," said Grandpère, "but that was what war was like."



"—Then we tumbled on to the Germans in their holes and plugged them with our bayonets—"

⁂

"BUT you haven't told us about your medal," said Pierrot. "How did you get that?" "I hardly know," said Grandpère, smiling. "We'd been doing as I told you, and I don't think any of us knew much what was going on. The big guns made such a noise that we felt muddled with it. The big guns made you drunk as though there had been too much cider brandy in the coffee. But there was one poor fellow who was my chum, and I saw him fall. I saw his leg all smashed up, poor chap, and his face was bloody. He was thirsty, and kept on groaning for something to drink, and I hadn't anything left in my bottle. And, you see, I had to try and get him along to the other fellows, and see if they could quench his thirst. So I managed to get him on to my shoulders, and we went to get some water."

⁂

"AND they gave you a medal for *that*?" said Pierrot. "Yes, my boy. The Colonel said afterwards that it was a very brave deed because of the bullets and shrapnel. I didn't think anything about them at that time. It wasn't much worse than going out to get the cows in in a hailstorm. And it wasn't much good, anyhow. I was wounded myself, and my poor chum died before I could get him anything to drink. I got that bullet in my thigh which still hurts in damp weather, and they shot my right hand away." "And then?" said Pierrette. "Then I went to hospital and spent two happy months there. It was wonderful. A beautiful soft, clean bed and ladies to look after me and give me good things to eat and drink and write letters home for me. It was like being a visitor at Monsieur le Comte's *château*."

⁂

"AND then, grandpère?" "Then I came home again. And I found the old folks wonderfully well, and younger than ever. My old mother was like a young woman of fifty again, working all day, looking after the chickens and rabbits and knitting at night. Your grandmother was wonderful. She had kept the farm going. She had kept everybody cheerful. She had worked in the fields. She had done everything. She had even put money by while I had been away, and had done much better on market days in the town than I ever did before. But my soup's getting cold," said Grandpère. "And that's all the war was?" asked Pierrot. "I thought it was much more exciting and more terrible than that." "What did I tell you?" said Pierrette, finishing her bread and milk. "You wouldn't believe me when I said that the women did everything that was worth doing in the war. The men only made a mess of the ground and the fields and killed one another. If there's another war all the men ought to be kept out of it. *I* think," said the little woman, marching off importantly with the three empty bowls, "that France was very lucky to have so many women, don't you, grandpère?" JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"—Then I went to the hospital and spent two happy months there"

To be taken Cum Grano

MR. ROOSEVELT'S DISCOVERY

According to the New York Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," Mr. Roosevelt in the course of his six weeks' holiday in the West Indies discovered a new species of bird in Trinidad which he calls the Guacharo, but which the natives call "Little Devil." The eminent hunter and explorer states that it is about the size of a night-hawk, lives in a cave, eats nuts, barks like a dog, and has whiskers. Our artist has endeavoured to depict him in the act of capturing one of these interesting creatures

Bellicosities

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE

Seventeen miles from the nearest town
Under the motor, upside down,
Engine cold with the sudden frost,
Something wrong with the damned exhaust,
And just one solitary soul in sight
To say: "Young fellow! It serves you right!"

At the moment of writing, it is understood that should it be found that the *Sussex* was sunk by a German torpedo, the German Government will arrange matters by disavowing the act. One is reminded of the story of the American negro who complained to a friend that another negro had knocked him down and beaten him till he was all but senseless. Asked what remedy he proposed to take, the negro replied, disconsolately, that he would not be able to seek the aid of the law, as the other gentleman had since disavowed the entire incident.

WHY NOT?

They tell us the Prussians will never land,
But we mustn't forget, on the other hand,
That the Cossack Army landed at Leith
In spite of a coastguard—armed to the teeth.
And what the Russians have done, 'tis plain,
The Prussians might very well do again.

❋

A German vessel recently struck a mine near Stettin and foundered with all hands. The mine was a German one, it is true, but there will doubtless be held in Germany the view that the fact that a British ship was not at hand to save the crew from their friends is further evidence of the callousness that prevails in the British Navy.

❋

The armed stowaway on the *Matoppo*, a self-confessed spy in German employ, says that he would have blown up the ship in accordance with instructions but for the fact that the Captain's wife and daughter were on board. As one of the German specialities is war on women, it is no wonder that the poor fellow is alleged to be insane.

SOLICITUDE

We're not quite happy about those Huns,
Who came to murder our little ones.
We fear the Government may forget
To find them a change when their feet are wet.
And, knowing what appetites Huns have got,
We hope they are serving their coffee hot.

HOW LONG?

The "Specials" are warned by urgent wire!
The Engines are out in case of fire!
The Salvage Corps is rattling round!
There isn't a train in the Underground!
And still the Government take no steps
To warn the country against the Zepps.

An applicant before a Military Tribunal recently said that he could not enlist as his nerve would not allow him to fight. But a man who can offer an excuse like that must have nerve enough for anything.

❋

With regard to the torpedoing of the Russian hospital ship, *Portugal*, Germany warns the nations not to believe published reports until the German statement has been issued. Apparently, it takes even cultured Germany a little time to prove that if black is not actually white it is, at the worst, only a misguided grey.

IF!

If he were only 41
Instead of 42
How gladly he would seize a gun!
What deeds of valour do!
He groans because the day is past
When he could "do his bit,"
But if they call him up at last
Poor chap! He'll have a fit.

❋

According to a contemporary, three men who were caught "red-handed" leaving a Post Office with £300 of Government money in their possession pleaded guilty. Why didn't they prove an *alibi?*

25-2-16.

Messrs. The British Milk Products Co., Ld.,
69, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,

I was wounded by shell explosion last October, and as a consequence up to a fortnight ago suffered very badly from nerves and Nervous Dyspepsia.

A fortnight ago my wife said, 'Why don't you try this Sanaphos?' I had been trying all sorts of physics, and wasn't keen, but I did, and have been feeling better every day since.

What prompts me to write this is the fact that there must be hundreds of officers and men in like case to mine, and if you could have Sanaphos introduced in the Hospitals and Convalescent Homes I think it would save a lot of unnecessary suffering.

You are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this letter.

Yours faithfully,
C. A. MOLONY,
Lieut. 15th King's Liverpool Regt.

I am now in a physical condition to go out again, which I attribute almost entirely to Sanaphos.

Sana*phos* restores exhausted nerves and hastens convalescence. It is *wholly* soluble, *wholly* digestible. The phosphorus needed by the nerves is actually absorbed by the system, and used for the reconstruction of the nerves, in *larger proportion* from Sana*phos* than from Sanatogen or *any* of the earlier forms of phosphated casein.

Altogether it is a *far more effectual* nerve-builder and tissue-builder than *any* phosphated milk or phosphated casein products hitherto produced by science.

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And at Liverpool & Bristol.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Stand and Deliver" at His Majesty's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE Claude Duval of our youth was a dashing highwayman indeed. He held-up on the road men with fat purses, escaped over roofs from pursuing justice, and fought his way single-handed through a host of those who were anxious to grab him by the neck in the King's name. There was a rush and a dash about all his feats of daring or gallantry; and one misses this genial hustle at His Majesty's Theatre. The first thing we hear of Claude Duval is that there is a reward of a hundred guineas on his head, though, as far as we can see, he has committed no greater offence than that of strolling into an inn and ordering a cup of Burgundy. In these days, it is true, we frown at that sort of thing as a lapse from good taste, but even our most fanatical reformers would hardly regard it as a hanging matter. It seems to me that in a play dealing with a wanted man the audience should have been favoured with at least one scene detailing his illegal exploits.

❋

CLAUDE DUVAL was a Frenchman, but popular versions of his romantic career very wisely abstain from insisting on the fact. Mr. J. H. McCarthy, however, although he has taken all sorts of liberties with the real story, clings with a strange pertinacity to this one bit of local colour. Mr. Bourchier, who is the more or less dashing hero, speaks all the while in the broken English of a Frenchman new to our language. The imitation is, of course, excellent, but it imposes an unnecessary and rather tiresome strain upon the audience, who associate highwaymen with deeds rather than words—and mutilated words at that. Claude Duval's first business is to settle accounts with a half-brother, the Chevalier de Pontac, who has cheated him of his estates; and while, of course, we hope he will have all the luck possible, we cannot help wishing all the time that, as the poet has so feelingly remarked, he would cut the cackle and come to the 'osses!

❋

IN the second act there is a grand ball, the chief object of which appears to be to show how Claude Duval can mix freely among people who are actually in search of him, and can escape at the moment of danger with the reckless dash and daring for which he is so justly celebrated. But the dash is very considerably attenuated here. More time seems to have been spent in giving a correct picture of the manners and costumes of the period than in offering the fighting scenery that the title of the piece had led us to expect. Even the pistols which Claude Duval pushes in the faces of the opposition as he escapes from the ball, seem to be faithful replicas of the weapons of the Carolean era. Whereas, if he had made things a bit brisker by using an up-to-date Browning automatic, we would have passed the anachronism for the sake of the healthy excitement created.

CHARLES ROCK DOES A LITTLE JUGGLING TURN ON HIS OWN

❋

THE one legend associated with Claude Duval has been retained here. That is, the dance on the Heath. It occurs in the third act, and, though coming a little late, inspires the hope that the "Toby-man" industry is positively about to begin. Claude Duval and his henchmen sit their horses at the cross-roads, and word is given that a post-chaise is approaching. Among the ladies in the chaise is the fair Berinthia Opie; but Duval is too gallant a gentleman to rob so fair a lady of her purse. Therefore he promises she shall go unmolested with her suite, if she will tread a measure with him by the way. The dance, like everything else in the play, is perfectly correct in every detail, but, somehow, the atmosphere of the highwayman was not obtrusive. And I was longing so much to see a good straight fight with rapiers and pistols. Curiously enough, a "foreword" given away with the programme—a dainty piece of word-painting by Mr. Marriott Watson—gives a striking picture of what the play ought to have been—and isn't. Mr. Bourchier is, of course, dignified and picturesque as Duval, and Miss Kyrle Bellew is most fascinating as the lovely Berinthia, but the production gives one the impression of being more of a pageant than a lively play suited to the healthy craving for excitement born of the strange times in which we live.

JINGLE

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The Highwayman Who Doesn't

Mr. Arthur Bourchier's gorgeous production, "Stand and Deliver," at His Majesty's Theatre does not give the central character, Claude Duval, much of a chance to show what he can do as a "Tobyman." A more inoffensive highwayman could hardly be met. But the mounting and costumes are magnificent

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE MINIATURE

By C. STARR JOHNS

MAJOR CARSTAIRS turned from a prolonged stare at mud, drizzle, and men in khaki. He almost preferred to be in the trenches. He loathed inaction, and in billets he had time for thought. There was little in his life to look back upon with pleasure, and even less could be expected in the future; granting that he was alive when the war ended. Cursing the mud and drizzle, he flung himself into a chair and sucked fiercely at an empty pipe. The only other person in the room looked up.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he asked.

"Nothing more than usual, except this damned pipe, which won't draw properly."

The two men were silent for sometime, and then:

"I wonder what has become of her, Mac?"

Captain Mackay cast a sympathetic glance at his companion.

"I don't know. They say she left Hunter soon afterwards—dirty swine didn't deserve such good luck—but why worry? She is out of your life for good and all."

"Excellent advice, Mac, but I should like to know what brought her into my mind to-day?"

"Indigestion."

"Of the mind—likely enough," Carstairs smiled grimly.

"Why don't you get leave, and go down to my place? The wife would be delighted, you know that. By-the-bye, Vereker is back."

"I know, I'm expecting him any minute."

"Then I'll go. Tell you what it is, old man: if we hadn't been friends for twenty years or more, I should be jealous of that boy."

"Don't be an ass, Mac. I'm fond of the lad, but feel more like a nurse than anything else."

"I'm fond of him, too; nice clean youngster—but I think I'll clear out for a bit. I don't want to hear any home talk; it's too confoundedly upsetting."

Left alone, Carstairs picked up a book which he had tried to read a dozen times before. He turned over the pages; they conveyed nothing to him. His mind had reverted to a muddy, windswept road along which he had toiled, more than half carrying a wounded officer. A boy in age, but with the pluck and stamina of any full-grown man, who had besought him to leave him and push on to safety. He remembered using the foulest language in return, bidding the boy "go to hell, and shut up." Afterwards he had come to look upon him as a younger brother, almost a son. He had improved himself unknowingly by intercourse with his junior. He began to feel affection for him, and to hate the idea of being unworthy of that which the young fellow returned in full measure.

He received many letters from the mother and sister of the boy: they appeared to look upon him as someone marvellous. These letters he treasured. They brought him into communion with characters which filled him with disgusted dismay at his own shortcomings, and acted as a tonic to his depressed and overburdened soul. With no relations of his own, he valued those of Vereker, out of all proportion, perhaps, with his knowledge of them.

He heard steps outside, the door was flung open, and he smiled kindly to the young man who came in, a small hurricane of energy and exuberant spirits.

"Hullo! So you weren't 'torped,' eh?"

"No, but by Jove! some of us would have been glad if we had been, it was a filthy crossing."

"You look fit."

"I am."

"You'll need to be, if this weather continues. Have a drink?"

"No, thanks, but I'll have a cigarette, if I may."

"Help yourself, and then sit down and tell me about England. How are your people?"

"Splendid, thanks. They want you to get leave and go and stay with them. They sent so many messages that it will take me a week to remember them all."

"Mind you do. I'm not sure you deserve such people."

"Sometimes I think the same, Major." Vereker, with over-elaboration, lighted a fresh cigarette, shuffled his feet for a moment, and then continued: "You don't like women, do you?"

"I prefer men, but I like many women—why?"

"I've never heard you dilate on them."

"It's not a habit of mine."

"But you believe in them, don't you? You believe in marriage and all that?" the boy asked eagerly.

Carstairs looked up quickly, his eyebrows drew together.

"Are you contemplating 'Holy matrimony'?"

"More than that."

"Great Scott! Are you actually engaged?"

The boy laughed, and his voice quivered as he answered.

"I'm actually married, Major, to just the most splendid girl in the world."

"Married—you married?"

"Yes, I only wish you could have been there."

"Well, I congratulate you, and hope you will be as happy as you ought to be."

"I knew you would, and, Major, she's in love with you already, from what I've told her, and is looking forward to meeting you."

"That's very kind of her. I shall be delighted to see both Mrs. Verekers. Were your people pleased?"

"No," said the boy, frankly, "I don't think they were at first, but afterwards they appeared to be. Directly they know Muriel properly they will love her."

"What did you say her name was?"

"Muriel. Don't you think it is a pretty name? It's not half as pretty as its owner. Would you like to see her, Major?"

"Very much."

The boy fumbled in his tunic.

"I always carry her about now, as a kind of talisman," he said, and handed over a miniature.

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(Continued on page 84)

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A Pretty Hat in Hedgehog Straw, lined Tagal, trimmed Corded Silk Ribbon. In Amethyst, Brown, Wine, Navy, Saxe, Beige underlined Black, Saxe, Purple, Nigger, or Navy; also all Black.
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Two years' size, rising 1/6 a size.

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The "Derby" Overcoat, cut and made in our own workrooms from black and white check material, lined white Silk Serge; collar of black Velvet.

Two years' size, rising 1/6 a size.

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STRAW HATS (as sketch)
4/6 8/6 and **12/6**

Peter Robinson's
OXFORD STREET

Peter Robinson Ltd.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 82)

Carstairs took it, and the silence that fell was oppressive. To the boy it seemed inconceivable. Carstairs turned his face away, as though to see better. His teeth grated on the stem of his pipe, for the face was that of the woman he had divorced. The woman to whom he owed the deeply graven lines on his face, and the grey hair at his temples. His impulse was to stamp on the thing—grind every vestige of likeness away with his heel. He wished to shout at his companion, to curse him for a fool, a blind, ignorant, absurd fool, to be as he had been, to do as he had done. He laughed shortly and looked up to meet the lad's eyes, full of wonder.

"It takes some time to really appreciate such beauty," he said quietly, and was relieved to see that his words had the effect he desired.

"It does; you hardly realise at first how beautiful she is. But when you get to know her as I do, you find that her character is as beautiful as her face."

Carstairs nodded; he did not trust himself to speak.

"I want you to do me a great favour," said Vereker, after replacing his treasure. "I want you to witness my will for me, and perhaps Captain Mackay would be the second."

"Your will?"

"Yes. I made one when we were married, but I want to change it."

"Hadn't you better get a lawyer to draw it up for you?"

"Oh, no, it will be quite simple. The one I made left all my property to be divided between Muriel, mother, and my sister in equal parts, but I'm going to leave everything to my wife. I want to put the power of providing for my people into her hands. You know I told you that mother and my sister did not care for her at first, but she loved them from the beginning, and once she said that she would love to be in the position to do everything for them. I'm going to make that possible in case I get killed."

For a long time Carstairs endeavoured to induce the boy to change his mind, but the care he had to take lessened the force of his arguments. If the boy had only been engaged it would have been different. In the end he gave way, and that evening the will was signed and duly witnessed. As Carstairs pointed out to Mackay, it was impossible to do anything else, and his friend had agreed.

Three weeks later Vereker was killed in the trenches, and when Carstairs returned to his billet he carried with him the will which the boy had entrusted to his care.

On the night of his return he sat alone in his room. The lines on his face seemed to have deepened. His lips and chin appeared harder than before. There was a look of intense strain in his eyes.

Before him, on the table, rested Vereker's will. He took it up and opened it, but did not read. He was engaged upon one of the hardest struggles of his life. He thought of his own marriage, and the appalling vileness of his wife. Of her absolute lack of moral sense; the beastliness of her mind. He groaned at the idea of Vereker's mother and sister being practically dependent upon her bounty. He pictured the delight she would experience at having power for cruelty put into her hands.

What could he do? Destroy the will? Only Mac knew its contents, and he would say nothing, for he would know nothing. But to destroy a will——. By God! he couldn't do that—it would be monstrous. It was inconceivable Vereker had trusted him.

He poured himself a drink, and gulped it down. His mouth felt curiously parched. As if in a dream he saw the mother and sister grieving for the boy. He saw the wife smiling as she could smile.

Deliberately he struck a match and held it to the corner of the will. He watched the flame mounting. Then, as though regretting his action, he beat it out with his hand; it was too late. The boy's signature, his own, and Mac's were gone. He buried his face in his arms. After a little, however, he struck another match, and this time held the burning paper until his fingers were scorched. His face worked pitiably.

. . . .

Major Carstairs was paying his first call on Vereker's mother.

A girl entered the room.

"This is Muriel, my dear boy's wife," said Mrs. Vereker.

Carstairs grinned horribly, and made no movement.

The girl bore a great resemblance to his ex-wife, that was all.

He damned eternally the person who had painted the miniature.

C. STARR JOHNS

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MR. CECIL HUMPHREYS

In the rôle of "Lucifer D. Nation" (a modernised presentment, as the name indicates, of the Prince of Darkness), in "My Lady Frayle" at the Shaftesbury Theatre

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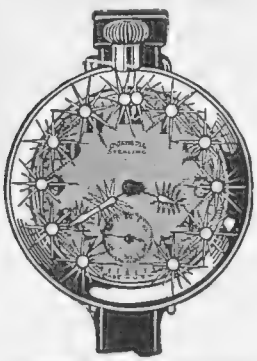

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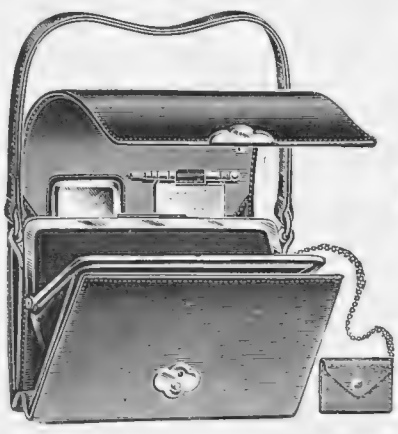

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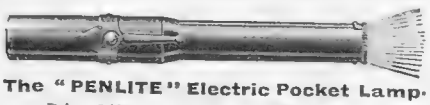

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Books of the Week

NOVELS, IMPRESSIONS, AND A MEMOIR

"Casuals of the Sea"

Mr. William McFee's name will not, perhaps, be very familiar to many readers, but his novel, *Casuals of the Sea* (Secker: 6*s.*), is such a fine piece of work that he should speedily find a large public. He belongs to the ultra-modern school. There is no definite plot or counterplot in this detailed history of the Gooderich family; but in their place you find a remarkable insight into things and a delightfully fresh method of writing.

In Search of Life

The Gooderichs are not an altogether unusual family. They are poor and not wholly respectable. The father is a nonentity who dies unhappily whilst the worse for drink. His wife once made a mistake and spends a rather colourless life endeavouring to forget it. Bert, their elder son, goes for a soldier, and is killed. Hannibal, after working in a small tobacconist's shop belonging to a girl-cousin rather better off than himself, runs off to sea, and ultimately marries a barmaid. Minnie, Mrs. Gooderich's child, deliberately takes a turning which is not generally approved, but "makes good" in the end, and marries the sea-captain under whom her brother has served. And that practically is all. Each member of the family is searching for life, and finds it in his or her own way. It is all so well and so cheerily done, and Mr. McFee's humour is so catching that you do not grudge him his five hundred pages. The title of the book is not the best that might have been chosen—the sea itself is not mentioned until the last third of the book—and in spite of the author's detailed knowledge of the merchant service, this last part is the least satisfactory—but viewed as a whole *Casuals of the Sea* is a distinguished piece of work which well merits attention.

THE LATE CAPTAIN WILDING, R.M. AND R.N.A.S.

The famous lawn-tennis player killed in action last May. The photograph, which was taken in Paris in January, 1915, is reproduced by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, from Mr. Wallis Myers' book, "Captain Anthony Wilding" (5*s.* net), which is reviewed on page 88

"King George's Prisoner"

The preposterous beliefs about life in Russia which have been entertained in the past by stay-at-home Englishmen are amusingly illustrated by a pretty little journalistic experiment carried out by Mr. Rothay Reynolds in his new book, *My Slav Friends* (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.). Mr. Reynolds attempts to describe the arrest of Mrs. Pankhurst in terms which some pre-War Correspondents might have used to describe some phase of the "Great Russian Revolution" for our consumption. And so we have a lurid account of "King George's Prisoner," in the course of which we are told that Queen Alexandra has most significantly postponed her visit to Sandringham, that Princess Henry of Battenburg has gone to Spain — doubtless to escape assassination — that armed troops are probably guarding responsible and reactionary Ministers from the popular fury, and that the police are provided with deadly wooden cudgels to kill or maim anybody so rash as to interfere with them. The whole thing reads like some melodrama, and yet nothing is altogether untrue.

The Average Russian

Mr. Reynolds's book, however, does more than correct some of our commoner misconceptions. He has seen Russia for himself, and endeavours to probe into the psychology of the Russian people without falling into the usual traps. He mixes a little Russian history with his own personal adventures in the endeavour to make you understand how certain matters have come to be. He attacks the difficult question of religion in Russia without attempting impertinent criticism. He lays himself out to give you an idea of the *average* Russian, who, in point of fact, is not often allowed to intrude into books of this kind. And *My Slav Friends* is a cheery, informative, intimate piece of work. Mr. Reynolds shows little of Mr. Stephen Graham's peculiar spiritual insight, and little of Mr. Bernard Pares's special economic knowledge, but his book must be given a good place in the ever-growing library of *Russiana*, and will be thoroughly enjoyed.

Scenes of Boyhood

You may forgive an improbability if it causes such a fine piece of writing as Richard Price's novel, *David Penstephen* (Methuen: 6*s.*). David's parents were not married at his birth, but they were extremely nice people for all that. They were obliged, however, to wander from place to place until David's father unexpectedly succeeded to a baronetcy. A younger son was born after their marriage, and the greater part of Mr. Price's story has to tell of David's peculiar position. It is rather improbable that he should have been left to discover the truth in the way he does, but this cannot be helped. David's mother and his nurse, Betsy, become very wonderful people under Mr. Price's hand, and the whole book is very well worth reading. R. S.

(Continued on page 88)

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 86)

The Life of Captain Wilding

There must, in the nature of things, be many to whom the mention of Anthony Wilding would recall nothing more than the name of a champion lawn-tennis player, and a New Zealander by birth, who had voluntarily devoted his life to the service of the Mother country and yielded it up bravely in her defence. To anyone knowing or remembering no more than this the publication of such a book as *Captain Anthony Wilding*, by A. Wallis Myers (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.* net), might seem to stand in some need of justification. He might be impelled to ask why, since the war has taken its toll of so many splendid men, and, withal, of so many splendid athletes, this particular athlete should be singled out as the subject of a volume of memoirs. He might, perhaps, conclude that as Captain Wilding was a great lawn-tennis player—one of the greatest the game has ever known—Mr. Myers, himself a keen votary of the game, had written his life story for the edification of the lawn-tennis community alone. But he would be wrong.

Sport as a Training for War

The author has obviously asked himself this same question, and has answered it in quite a different way, with the result that his book makes a wider and far more interesting appeal. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that if Wilding had not been a lawn-tennis player the book would still have been written, for the friendship of Wilding and his biographer was based on the *camaraderie* of the court, and it was primarily through lawn-tennis that Mr. Myers acquired that intimate knowledge of his friend's character, which he reveals on almost every page. Yet, all the same, there is very much less said about the game than one would expect—just enough, in fact, to emphasise the main proposition upon which the author insists "that the cult of sport, fostered in this country, has proved, in its discipline of body and mind, a material advantage to a nation suddenly called to arms."

Thoroughness

No better illustration could possibly be adduced of the truth of this proposition than the career of Anthony Wilding, and by his manner of dealing with it Mr. Myers has given us a most interesting book. It shows how Wilding's success as an athlete was based almost entirely on physical fitness coupled with the power, gradually acquired, of concentrating his whole mind, whether in practice or in actual play, upon the object to be achieved. He was not a lawn-tennis genius in the true sense of the term, but thoroughness was his watchword, and, as far as any human being can be, he was absolutely efficient. Another hobby to which he was almost, if not quite, as devoted as he was to lawn-tennis, was motoring and motor-cycling. Here, again, his capacity for making himself a master of his subject and his splendid bodily health enabled him to perform feats of travel on wheels which the average motorist would scarcely dream of. He was essentially a man of action with brains and will-power enough to use his physical gifts to the best advantage. This is why he made a good soldier, and might, if the Fates had been kinder, have become a distinguished one.

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Motoring—If Any

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

THE STORM TRACK

The main road between Coventry and Kenilworth after the storm had passed. A little nine-point Standard light car is squeezing past

The Appeal Ironic

THE comic gentlemen who run the War Savings Committee with such small success are again on the rampage after the poor motorist. They have dropped the suggestion that millions of pounds (which reads a nice round sum) are wasted on motoring. This time they make nothing more serious than an appeal to owners of cars not to use them for pleasure. We stood in front of a huge poster (which must have represented quite a considerable expenditure of paper and money to produce—but then official waste is perfectly legitimate, and can only be criticised at the risk of a charge of lack of patriotism) in the Strand on the day following the Budget—he, the owner of an American car, and I, his occasional partner in the purchase of two small glasses of liquid refreshment. He looked upon the poster, and it was not pleasing in his sight. "Don't use your motor-car for pleasure," quoth he; "with a tax of 18 guineas on it and petrol at 2*s.* 8*d.* The funny little serio-comic persons! I bought the car to economise. They don't seem to have an idea that cars are bought for that reason. They think all cars are in the same category as fur coats and diamonds. I wonder where they have been living. Use the car for pleasure! Why it will be a pint of heart's blood lost every time I look at it, and I'll have to be a millionaire to use it"—and a lot to the same effect.

* * *

Budgetana

WELL, there it is and, somehow, it will have to be borne. Fortunately, most British cars are in the under 16 class, and their top tax, therefore, will be eight guineas—which is bad enough. Not because it is taxation as such; but because it is a class tax based upon an assumption of special wealth which does not exist, and upon the further assumption that cars are luxuries and nothing else, which is preposterous. However, we've just got to put up with it. If the retail traders of the country go out of business, as undoubtedly a number of them will, *they* will have to put up with it. If the concessionaires and branches of foreign motor-car firms have to shut up, as undoubtedly some of them will (the Dodge concern has done so already), it's the bad fortune of war—pitiful, but Kismet. Anyway, owners of under 16 h.p. cars will have several guineas worth of cause to thank the

(Continued on page 92)

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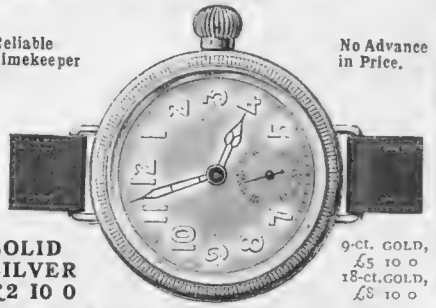

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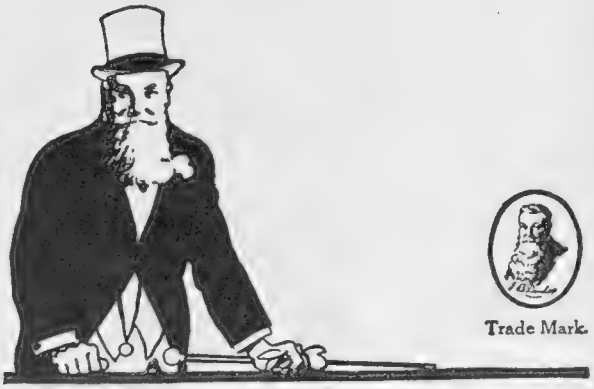

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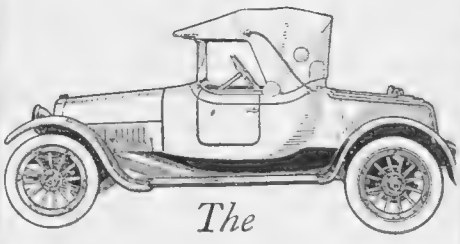

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MOTORING—IF ANY *(concluded from page 90)*

goodness and the grace that measured power by bore alone without other reference to the piston-swept area of cylinders, because thereby they are enabled to possess vehicles which, under any rational system of measuring power, would be rated very much higher and taxed accordingly. It's the squarer-engined cars—engines with big bores and comparatively short strokes which will feel the draught. Wherein is the usual idiotic anomaly by which so much of Authority's work is known.

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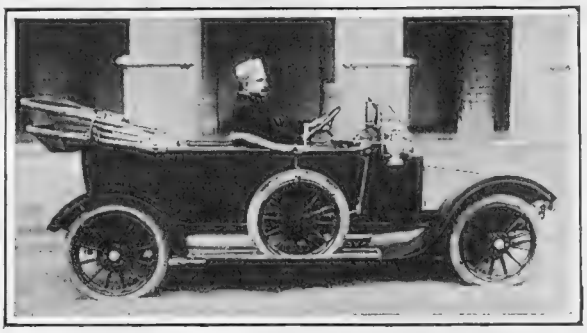

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